"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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Notes of the Month.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THERE seems to be nothing like faith. One of the deacons of a church recently wrote to a friend: "We have secured Rev. Mr. Smith at a salary of £40 a year, and are hoping for a great work of grace."

THE crown of Ivan contains 841 diamonds. The crown of Peter contains 887 diamonds. The crown of England contains 1700 diamonds. The imperial crown of Russia contains 2500 diamonds. The crown of France contains 5452 diamonds. The crown of the poorest of God's saints is one solid gem, not to be compared for beauty and value with all the diamonds in the world; for the Lord of hosts is for a crown of glory and for a diadem of beauty to the residue of his people.

AMONG us there is not a little speculation at times about the "Church of the Future." We all have some pet theory about it. The following is our theory:—The Church of the future will not be sectarian or denominational. It will be one body in Christ, and all its members will be Christians. They will not then call themselves by the names of men, or of ordinances, or doctrines, or places, but all will be satisfied with that good, old-fashioned name, Christian.

THE treasures of the Kaaba, which the sheriff of Mecca has placed at the disposal of the Sultan, have been roughly estimated at £10,000,000. They are the accumulations of the gifts of pilgrims during several hundred years, and are only forthcoming now because the Sultan has declared Islam imperilled, and summoned all the followers of the Prophet for the defence of the faith. The Kaaba was a famous shrine centuries before the birth of Mohammed, and its keeping was hereditary in his family. It had become the centre of idol-worship, and it was the crowning achievement of Mohammed's career as a religious reformer when he entered his native city in triumph, and consecrated its temple for ever to the worship of the one God.

MR. GEORGE MULLER, of Bristol, reports that the total income for his institutions during the past year, ending in May, was £41,500. He never asks a single person for a contribution. He prays to God that friends may be forthcoming, and they come.

FROM a prison report we learn that a considerable increase is observable in the proportion of prisoners who resort to societies which undertake to assist prisoners, who on discharge are anxious to leave the criminal class, and resume their position in the ranks of industry. Whereas in 1869 less than half of the men discharged took advantage of them, during 1876 about two-thirds placed themselves under their guidance.

IT is absolutely true there are persons who are never satisfied in circumstances that to all but themselves seem to be the most favourable to their interests. Leigh Hunt—in one of his letters, we think—speaks of a day that could not make any creature happy but a vendor of umbrellas. Yet a friend of ours, remembering this utterance, availed himself of a day "of never-tiring rain" to congratulate his umbrella merchant, and he secured this reply: "It's all very well, sir, so far as my umbrellas are concerned, but you see I'm not selling a single parasol!"

A CURIOUS story comes from the diamond fields of South Africa. A Miss Schreiner, a lady preacher, has a brother, who, until lately, obstinately resisted all attempts to convert him, till at last, wearied possibly by his sister's importunities, he declared he would become a Good Templar as soon as he had found a "real big stone." The fair apostle of temperance evidently knew her brother to be a man of his word, and giving up all further exercise of ordinary means, set herself vigorously to work to pray that he might speedily find a large diamond. The prayer of faith was answered. We can promise this lady, if she should visit this or any other country, a remarkable success, in adding members to her church, who will attend her footsteps, if the way be paved with diamonds.

THE total number of licensed houses for the sale of drink in London is 13,286. There were in the last year 32,328 persons apprehended for drunkenness.

OF the civil war in America a few years ago, it is stated that the whole number of men enrolled in the Northern Army alone was 2,650,000; that 600,000 perished in the two armies, by battle and disease; and that 400,000 more were crippled or permanently disabled—a total loss of one million men to the country. The money loss by that war was 1500 million pounds English. By and bye the nations will learn that wisdom is better than weapons of war.

ALL who wish to become famous by long words should be reminded of the saying of C. Kingsley:—"If I am ever obscure in my expressions, do not fancy that therefore I am deep. If I were really deep, all the world would understand, though they might not appreciate. The perfectly popular style is the perfectly scientific one. To me, an obscurity is a reason for suspecting a fallacy." One of our ministers once said to us that when he was a boy he endeavoured to make his companions believe he was learned by the use of big words. We wish this folly was confined to childhood.

ERRORS like straws upon the surface flow. This is remarkably so in many popular quotations, and sometimes laughably so in supposed quotations from the Bible. A speaker, at one of the Exeter Hall meetings, not long ago, caused considerable merriment by alleging a quotation to be from the Bible not in the Bible at all. Some one says in one of Horace Walpole's letters occurs this paragraph; he is praising a certain childless couple, and the sweet life they were living away one side on a small estate. He says:—"They may comfort themselves with having no children when they recollect that the earliest born of men committed murder with the jawbone of an ass—a deadly weapon, I am sure." William Hazlitt, in like carelessness, says it was "the Samaritan" who prayed, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." Leigh Hunt declares that the poet Shelley, of whom he was writing a defence, "was a student of the Book of Job, but for his Christianity he went to the Gospel of St. James." Thackeray states that it was Eli for whom his mother made some "little shirts" every year instead of Samuel, for whom Hannah made a coat. And in the earliest editions of the story of Paul Dombey, Charles Dickens sets one of the stupid boys in that school where the little chap learned the rudiments, as repeating a chapter "from the first Epistle of Paul to the Ephesians," as his punishment for coughing out of season at the table.

THE Pope has professed his profound anxiety in reference to the coming elections in France, and hopes MacMahon and the present Ministry may be sustained. The old man would appear to care much more for the success of his Church than the success of justice and rational liberty. France owes more than nine-tenths of her present difficulties to Popery.

A RELIGION OF FORMS.—There is not a little danger at present, all round, of Church services degenerating into forms. Prescott has put the evil of forms into the following sentence: "When we see the hand, red with the blood of the wretched native of Mexico, raised to invoke the blessing of heaven on the cause which it maintains, we experience something like disgust at the act. To the more rational spirit of the present day, enlightened by a purer Christianity, it may seem difficult to reconcile gross deviations from morals with such devotion to the cause of religion. But the religion taught in that day was one of form and elaborate ceremony. In the punctilious attention to discipline, the spirit of Christianity was permitted to evaporate. The mind, occupied with forms, thinks little of substance. In a worship that is addressed too exclusively to the senses, it is often the case that morality becomes divorced from religion, and the measure of righteousness is determined by the creed rather than by the conduct.

A FEW days ago one of our London clergy called upon a good woman. He asked her if she had "found Christ." She said "she hoped she was a Christian; that she believed in Christ, and did her best to be like him." He said the devil must have got hold of her and was deluding her, for she had never named being washed in Christ's blood. If she remained in this state she would go to hell. We are too frequently reminded of this un-Christian way of treating humble people who are striving to live a godly, pious, and sober life. They are met by those who think that character has nothing to do with salvation; that is a work which Christ has done for us; that the murderer who ends a life of crime on the gallows, can, before his death, wash away all the stains of guilt by relying upon his death. The man who has lived an honest life—one of kindness, helpfulness, and even one of high moral beauty and heroism—unless he accepts the blood-bought salvation, will after death go straight to hell. They preach their doctrine of salvation by blood and not by character, with an earnestness and diligence which often puts the more rational preacher to shame. We hope incidents like the above may arouse our Church to do its duty.

CHILDREN that are remarkable for what they know at five years old, are generally more remarkable at twenty-five for what they don't know.

THE following description is given of what is called a popular lecturer on Secularism:—"Here is a lively, a showy, superficial, eloquent, illogical, rhetorical, agreeable, anti-religious orator, who believes himself an Atheist, and passes for one, though he is probably fighting a creed-made idol, and not the God of Nature and Christianity."

SPURGEON, in one of his recent sermons, tells of an old woman who "used to say that she liked to hear an old minister better than anybody else. Well, but, they said, he is getting very feeble. O, said she, but then I recollect what he used to be, and I would sooner see him shake his head than I would hear anybody else preach." There is a wonderful attraction in the ministry of many an old servant of God, which grows out of the memories attendant upon his faithful services for the Master. Never fear, venerable father in Israel, that you cannot do something for the cause of Christ, no matter how aged you may be.

A MAGISTRATE in the county of Durham some time ago informed us that a man who was about to be executed for murder, and who certainly was a murderer, but was respited, owing to a fortunate event in the Royal Family, was finally released from prison, and died on his own bed a respected citizen. We are reminded of this by a most striking instance of reformation mentioned by the chaplain of Pentonville Prison. It does not belong in particular to the present time, as it goes back over a range of sixteen years, and refers to a young man under sentence of death in Newgate at the commencement of that period. The bell of St. Sepulchre's was tolling for his execution at the moment when a reprieve arrived. The convict was evidently a man of education, as he subsequently wrote a small poem, entitled "The Agony of Murder." This was prepared for publication by the late Ordinary of Newgate, and dedicated by him to Mr. Alderman Wire. Though it was many years before the convict gained his liberty, his conduct was admirable throughout. Amongst other incidents it is mentioned that he was mainly instrumental in preventing a murderous outbreak of convicts on board the ship which took him out to Australia, in which ship was Dr. Hale, the newly-appointed bishop, with his family. The man still lives and is prospering. We feel that there is a better way of dealing with murderers than hanging them.

Now and then we meet with passages of secular authors which illustrate and sustain the truthfulness of difficult portions of Scriptures. Some have cavilled at our Lord's command to pray, and his promise, "Ask, and ye shall receive, seek, and ye shall find." Samuel Smiles says, in one of his works, "Whatever you wish, that you are, for such is the force of our will joined to the divine that, whatever we wish to be, seriously and with a true intention, that we become. No one absolutely wishes to be submissive, patient, modest, or liberal, who does not become what he wishes."

THE Beecher family must have always been remarkable, for it is recorded that at the close of the day when Dr. Beecher had in a lengthy speech to vindicate the harmony of his views with the Confession of Faith, that he entertained a dinner-party. He presided at the dinner, told taking stories, and slyly added a few links to his long-drawn chain of argument. All was going on swimmingly as hilarity circled up and down and around the ample table, when suddenly, amid the clatter of knives and forks, a voice from the lower end of the festive board broke in with these words: "Father, I listened to your speech before the synod to-day. I know that you are plaguy good at twisting, but if you can twist your creed on to the Confession of Faith, you can twist better than I think you can." The doctor's countenance fell a little. Promptly rallying, he said to his dumb-struck visitors, "All my boys are rather smart, but some of them are rather impudent."

THE Crossley Orphan Home and School at Halifax was opened for the reception of children on June 29, 1864. The total number of admissions to this date is 371 boys and 191 girls, or a total of 564, of whom 250 are still resident. It will doubtless be interesting to our readers to know the profession or calling of the parents of the children admitted:—65 are the children of ministers and missionaries, 10 of barristers and solicitors, 28 of physicians and surgeons, 18 of civil engineers, architects, and surveyors, 32 of merchants and commission agents, 23 of spinners and manufacturers, 140 of master tradesmen, 25 of farmers, 9 of accountants, 6 of ship brokers, 43 of commercial travellers and salesmen, 10 of schoolmasters, 14 of master mariners, 46 of law, bank, and commercial clerks, 3 of relieving officers, 11 of railway officials, 81 of shopmen and others; total, 564. Of this number, also, 328 are the children of Yorkshire parents, 209 have come from twenty-nine other English counties, 9 from Wales, 14 from Scotland, and 4 from Ireland.

ON THE BRINK.

I HAVE known Arthur Gravely well and intimately. A part of his story came to my knowledge through my own observations, and a part he told me himself.

Arthur came of an old, well defined and respectable stock; with just enough of aristocratic pride inherited from his progenitors to give him refinement and self-reliance. At an early age he was left an orphan, and received most of his education under the care of an uncle.

When he was one and twenty he was admitted to the employ of a banker named Vanderlain, and very soon took a position of trust and responsibility in the house. A year later he took for his wife Fanny Summerton—one of the fairest and sweetest of earthly treasures. He had loved her long and truly, and her love in return had been single and devoted.

Thus was life opening for Arthur Gravely with bright and happy promises. He had friends whichever way he turned; his business prospects were of the very best; and his home was an earthly paradise.

One enemy, and one alone, at this time stood in Arthur's path. His wife did not see it then. She loved him fondly and so trustingly that she could not see a fault.

A few of Arthur's friends feared danger; one of them, more bold than the rest, spoke to him warningly, but kindly; but he turned away from the warning with a sneer of derision.

The months and years went on—from twenty-two to twenty-eight. Six years of married life—six years of blessings, so far as the outer things of life can give blessing. In the bank Arthur had assumed a place very near to the head, and his salary was munificent. From early youth Arthur Gravely had found the wine cup among the symbols of life's social phase. He had kept wine in his own house; he had partaken freely abroad. In the earlier years it was wine, and only wine of the best and purest. Latterly, strong liquors were required to keep the tone. At the age of eight and twenty there had come an undue flush on Arthur's cheeks, and there were blotches which ought not to be there. He now took brandy before breakfast, and through the day he was forced to supply fuel to feed a fire which else might have consumed all bodily comfort. As yet he had never been helplessly intoxicated. He was confident in his own strength.

Alas! for the man thus fading. He knows that his powers for understanding are dying out as the body fades and then perishes.

At length Mr. Vanderlain called Arthur into his private office and told him he was going to suspend business.

"I have money enough," said Mr. Vanderlain, "and I know that my close application to business is wearing upon me. I am growing in years and need rest."

"And of closing up your business?"

"Yes."

"But, sir, there is no need of that. If you will trust your business under the guidance of some capable and responsible agent, with your name at its head, it might go prosperously on, and you could go away upon your trip at will."

A cloud came over the banker's face, and he shook his head.

"It is too late," he said. "And sometime I may tell you more."

Shortly after this, in process of closing up his business, Mr. Vanderlain sent Arthur to a distant city to make some important settlements. Arriving at his destination, the young man called upon the correspondents, and having made preliminary arrangements, he found himself with a few days upon his hands, which he might enjoy in pleasure. On the very evening of his arrival, he had fallen in with John Hatton and William Roberts, two friends and classmates of earlier years. He was startled when he saw them. They were evidently going down hill; drinking to excess. Yet they were gentlemen and Arthur joined them. He spent a first and second night in their company. On the second night, for the first time in his life, Arthur Gravely drank to a state of hopeless stupefaction. He awoke on the next day feeling sad and humiliated. When he meet his companions in a private parlour connected

with their sleeping apartments, he found them with a bowl of hot brandy between them. A spirit of true friendliness came upon him, when he saw the marks of the destroyer so deeply fixed upon the companions of his boyhood.

"Boys," said he, "this won't do. You are going down."

They regarded him curiously, and asked him what he meant. They were in a dangerous way.

"You forget, old boy," said Hatton, "that you are in the same boat. If we took passage before you, it is no less sure that our route now is the same. Don't preach, Arthur. Try a drop of hot brandy."

There are moments in a life-time—great crises—when the events of the past flash before the mind as upon a magic mirror—when a man in a brief instant recalls every salient point in his early career. Such a moment was the present to Arthur Gravely.

"Let it alone," he said, solemnly, "I tell you, Jack, and you, Will, that you are going down. You can't last much longer at this rate."

"Well," retorted Robert, with an attempt to laugh, "it appears to me that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Hadn't you better try to let it alone yourself?"

"If I will try, will you try it?" asked Arthur.

"Will you try it?" demanded Hatton.

"I will if you will join me."

"Done."

And they did it. They joined hands and promised one another that they would be true and steadfast.

A new surprise was in store for Arthur Gravely. He found upon cutting off his spirituous liquors that his body weakened and that his hands shook as though with palsy. He applied to a physician for help. Fortunately he applied to a man of sense and understanding.

"Can you give me something to steady my nerves and restore my appetite?" Arthur asked, after he had frankly stated his case.

"This shows you, my dear sir," said the physician, "into what a dangerous state you have fallen. I can give you something to steady your nerves, but it would not help you in the end. If you will be brave and true you will come out all right in a very few days."

Arthur said he should not go back. He wanted no stimulant—no more of that.

The trial was a severe one, and it may have been a blessed thing for Arthur Gravely that it was so. He felt more heroism in the conquest, and he also saw more clearly how deeply the evil habit had become fixed upon him.

On the morning of the fourth day, he awoke with an appetite for food, and was able to eat a hearty breakfast. He was a new man from that time forth. The physician had given him certain hygienic directions which he followed implicitly, and thus he held fast upon his health as it came back to him.

And on the fourth day Arthur saw Hatton and Robert. They had kept their faith, and had unexpectedly prospered. An excellent opening in business had been presented and accepted.

On the fifth day the business which had brought Gravely from his home was concluded, and he set out on his return. And the last struggle had passed. His nerves had become steady; his appetite had started up as if by magic; his cheeks had grown fair, and the white of his eye was growing clear and pearly again.

He reached his own city in the morning and went first to the bank and gave in a return of his business. Mr. Vanderlain had glanced quickly and eagerly into his face when he first entered, and a wondrous change came upon the banker's manners as the business proceeded. Something outside the business in hand was evidently on his mind.

Arthur did not reach his home until time for dinner, but he had sent a boy from the bank with word that he should be there.

"Fanny!"

"Darling! O, I am so glad to see you back!"

Something had made his wife even happier than she thought as she rested within her husband's embrace. But in

the sudden joy she could only feel the great warmth, like the flow of heaven, as Arthur's kiss came, sweet and pure to her lips.

As they entered the dining-room Arthur saw the decanter of wine near his plate.

"Take it away, Fanny," he said, smiling. "If you want it hereafter for a medicine, keep it. For myself I shall not want it."

"Not want it, Arthur?"

"I have done with it forever."

He spoke solemnly, with a manliness that was strong and reliant.

And the wife saw whence had come the great warmth to her heart—saw it in the pure cheek and in the clear eye, as she had caught the sweet breath.

"Arthur, my husband," she whispered, as though hardly daring to trust her own senses, "is it true? Do you mean that forever?"

"While I live, darling, God giving me strength and reason."

Fanny was on the opposite side of the table. She tried to speak, but her voice failed her. She turned white, then she pressed her hand for an instant upon her heart, and then, as the crimson blood once more bounded on its course, she covered her face and sank down, weeping like a child.

Arthur was by her side in a moment.

"Fanny, my wife, what is it?"

She looked up and caught his startled gaze through her tears. With a quick movement, she threw her arms around his neck, and pillowed her head on his bosom.

"Oh, Arthur, bless you! bless you! I could die for joy if I did not feel that I could find more happiness in living now for you."

Here was a new revelation. Arthur Gravely now learned how his sweet wife had suffered without daring to complain—how the worm gnawed at her heart—saw it all the more clearly because he saw in this present time her surpassing joy and ecstasy.

Not many words were spoken. This was not the time for such a heart-moving theme. And now as they ate the meal, Arthur told of his trip to the distant city.

After dinner Arthur went out to carry a budget to a neighbour, and when left alone, Fanny sat down and cried for joy. And so Mr. Vanderlain found her. He had stopped in passing to do an errand.

"Mrs. Gravely, what has happened? What is wrong?"

"Wrong?" she repeated, looking up, "O, sir, it is for joy I am crying."

And then she told the source of the new happiness that had been opened to her.

Mr. Vanderlain listened, and after a deal of thought, he slowly said, with his hand upon Fanny's fair head:

"Dear child, you may rejoice without fear. If Arthur has pledged his honour to this new life, you may be sure he will keep the faith."

Most of the afternoon Arthur spent at the bank; and as he sat at the table in the private office writing for the banker, a feeling of sadness and regret came upon him. It would be a long time before he could find another so pleasant situation.

It was towards evening when Mr. Vanderlain came in, looking flushed and self-satisfied.

"I have kept you waiting, Arthur, but I have been busy. I have made a most important change in my programme."

"Ah! then you are not going away?"

"Yes, I shall go to Europe, but I shall not give up my banking business. I have found a new man—one safe, reliable and competent—who, I think, will take my business while I am absent."

"Mr. Vanderlain," said the young man, frankly, "I am glad of this, for I know I shall be able to persuade you to let me keep my place in your employ."

The banker shook his head.

Arthur trembled, and started to speak.

"Tut, tut—not your present place, Arthur. Know that you are my new man; if you will take charge of my business, I shall leave it in your hands, knowing that both it and you will prosper."

"Mr. Vanderlain!"

"Ah, my boy, I have seen your wife. I found her crying for joy. And when she told me whence her joy came, I knew

there was joy also. To the new man I give my entire confidence, and in his hands I fear not to trust my name and my honour."

It was Arthur Gravely's turn now to weep; and he could no more have helped it than he could have prevented the great flood of peace and blessedness that flowed in upon his heart.

"My dear boy," said the banker, afterwards, "I did not speak to you in other times as perhaps I ought. I knew how you treated others who did speak, and I forebore. I had intended to speak, however, before I went away, and, if possible, to get you a good place. But it is all done now, God bless and keep you."

And now, looking back, Arthur Gravely sees how near upon the fearful brink he stood. From the position of wealth, and honour, and love, he can see the dark pit from which he escaped. and he sees hundreds sinking in it yearly. He helps the falling ones when he can, and finds unfailing satisfaction in the work.

AT THE STAIRS.

"COME to the foot of the stairs, mamma,"
My coaxing darling said,
"And give us there our midnight kiss,
Before we go to bed."

To the warm nursery above,
Whence shone a mellow light,
The little bare feet clambered up,
The night gowns fluttering white.

In the dark hall I stood and gazed,
Like Jacob when he dreamed;
Pure angels on their upward way
To rise the children seemed.

Since then the little brood is less;
One's pattering feet I miss,
One small fair face no more is raised
To claim its good-night kiss.

Alas! the partings at the stairs
From those we fondly love;
Our household angels passing up
To the lighted rooms above.

A NECESSARY DRAWBACK.—A friend of mine was in Russia last year, and having some trouble about washing apparatus explained to his landlord, and told him that Englishmen were in the habit of taking a bath every day. "A bath!" said the astonished native. "A bath every day!" ejaculated the Muscovite; "why, you must wet your back!"—*Vanity Fair.*

DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.

A LADY came into a garden where the children were at play. She had a picture in her hand, and they all came running to look at it; it was a cross with a wreath of flowers and two mottoes painted on it. One was, DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY; and she said to them:—

"This is the golden rule. This is perhaps the greatest of the lessons that Jesus taught. He taught us that God is our Father, the Father of all, not only of you or of me, but of all. He is the Father of those whom we do not know, and of those whom we do not like—of those who get in our way and who are our rivals, just as much as of those whom we love and care most for. He loves all His children, and wishes that they should receive kind treatment from each other. This is God's law, and it is so true that we no sooner hear it than our hearts receive it, and it is stamped upon them, and we are never happy except when we act in obedience to it.

"Our conscience, which is God's voice speaking within us, always tells us we are wrong when we act otherwise than as this rule directs us.

"Do as you would be done by. Wherever people are obedient to this rule quarrels cease and fightings, whether among little children or grown-up people, and instead of dislike, friendship grows and love.

"The cross is used as a sign or symbol for Christianity, because Jesus died on the cross.

"On every cross that people draw or wear I should like to have these words engraved, because they are the great lesson that Jesus came to teach—'Do as you would be done by.'

"There is another motto on my cross, a Latin motto—IN HOC SIGNO VINCES. That means—*By this sign thou wilt conquer.* It is the motto that some of the early Christian soldiers wore when they went to fight their heathen enemies; and we must remember it when we fight against sin and ignorance, which are the worst enemies that mankind ever has had, or will have to deal with or fight against.

"We can conquer all our enemies in time, if we do as we would be done by.

"Moreover, I can recommend this motto to any little boys and girls who are fond of getting their own way, but who find that people are not always ready to yield to them. Always do as you would be done by, and you will find that by this plan you will conquer."

The children laughed and ran back to their play; and if you want to know how often they acted on that lady's wise advice, notice how often you remember and act upon it, and you may know they did the same.

THE FIRST FRUIT.

A LITTLE girl was once made the owner of the grapes upon a large vine in her father's yard. Very anxious was she that they should ripen and be fit to eat. The time came.

"Now for a feast," said her brother to her one morning, as he pulled some beautiful ones for her to eat.

"Yes, but they are the *first ripe fruit.*"

"Well, what of that?"

"Dear father told me that he used to give God the first out of all the money he made, and that he always felt happier in spending the rest, and I wish to give the first of my grapes to God too."

"Ah, but," said her brother, "how can you give grapes to God? And if you were able to do such a thing, he would not care for them."

"Oh, I have found out the way," she said, "Jesus said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it me.' And I mean to go with them to Mrs. Martin's sick child, who never sees grapes, because her mother is too poor to buy them."

Away ran this little girl, with a large basket of the "first fruit" of the vine, and other good things, all beautifully arranged, to the couch of the sick chlld.

"I have brought Mary some ripe fruit," said she to Mrs. Martin.

"Dearest child, may God bless you a thousandfold for your gift. Here, Mary, see what a basket of good things has been brought you."

The sick one was almost overcome with emotion, as she clasped the hand of her young benefactress, and expressed her thanks.

THE ECHO.

BY MRS. E. A. HEATH.

"I CAN'T play in the garden any more, mother," said little Harry Lincoln, running into the sitting-room, throwing his new straw hat on the table, and himself on the sofa.

"Why not?" asked the indulgent mother.

"Because there's a little boy over there somewhere, who keeps talking all the time."

"What does he say?" continued Mrs. Lincoln.

"Says just what I do," and Harry pouted his lips, we are sorry to say, and disfigured his otherwise pretty face by so doing.

"That's very strange," was the reply. "What did you say?"

"Why, first I was talking to Lizzie, and he'd repeat all I'd said to her. Then I said, 'Stop talking, little boy'! and he said, 'Talking, little boy!' Tried to be ugly, you see, mother, and plague me. Then I said, 'If you do so again, I'll whip you, little boy!' and he laughed, and screamed real loud, 'Whip you, little boy!'"

"Didn't you laugh, too?"

"I laughed when I told him I'd whip him; and after he said so too, I jumped over the fence and tried to find him, but he hid."

"You didn't see him?"

"No, he wasn't there."

Mrs. Lincoln smiled, and told Harry to go out into the garden and tell the little boy he loved him, and see what the answer would be. At first he hesitated, but his mother urged him to do so, and he finally consented. Presently he returned, as excited as before, but with a changed countenance, his face radiant as he said,

"Oh, mother, what a funny little boy he is! I looked all around, but couldn't see him, so I said, real loud, 'Little boy, I love you!' and he answered 'Love you!' Then I said, 'I'd like to play with you!' and he answered 'I'll play with you!' The last time I said, 'I hope you won't

plague me any more, little boy!' and he said, 'Won't plague you more, little boy!' so I don't think he's such a bad boy, do you, mother?"

Then the kind mother, who loved her little boy very dearly, and wished him to grow up to be a good and useful man, told him it was the echo in the garden that answered him, and explained it likewise, which your mamma will do, dear little reader, if you ask her.

She also told him that all through life the echo would answer him, and he would receive the reflection of his inner self from that of others. If he shouted to his fellow workers, "I love you," the echo was ready with "Love you." But if, on the contrary, he gave utterance to the reverse, the echo must answer with his words.

And as a safeguard, it is well to remember that, "With what measure you mete it shall be measured again unto you."

DO NOT TAKE IT TO HEART.

THERE'S many a trouble
Would break like a bubble
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did not we rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we not unwilling to furnish the wings:
So sadly intruding
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming,
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor;
Eyes bright as a berry,
Cheeks red as a cherry,
The groan and the curse and the heartache can cure.

Resolve to be merry
All worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid us forget,
And no longer fearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

WHICH POWER WILL TRIUMPH?

THERE is a conflict going on in the moral universe. Our Scriptures are full of this instruction, and human experience constantly verifies it. Men, in ignorance and perverseness, are sinning against God and wronging their own souls. Flesh lusteth against spirit, and spirit against flesh. So we read the lives of patriarchs, prophets, apostles, saints. Even the holiest one who walked our earth was assailed of evil—was tempted to violate the divine law. His perfect humanity and heavenliness triumphed. "Get thee behind me, Satan; thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." Paul found a law (power) in his members warring against the law of his mind—his spiritual nature—and found strength and hope only in that dispensation which he was commissioned of Christ to declare to the world. Sin has been, sin is, and will be. There is but one power that can overcome it. That power is the righteousness of which God is the source and essence.

Is this power the strongest, and will it prevail? The Scriptures answer: "The work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever." For even as the Apocrypha tells us, "Righteousness is immortal." And the New Testament affirms, "That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign *through righteousness* unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord." (Isa. xxii. 17; Book of Wisdom i. 15; Rom. v. 21.) God's right is the ruling, controlling, overcoming power. The good is to triumph over the evil. So God is ever indicating in his administration. So he directs man in the Gospel to imitate him. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Surely he does not require of his offspring that which he himself has no design to do. "All his ways are in righteousness."

Who are the powers engaged in this conflict against evil? Answer, God, Christ, and all good spirits in the universe, against the perverse human will and all opposing wills in the universe.

God is the strongest power in the

universe, and this power controls evil. It is the power of goodness, and permits evil only as a means to an end. We cannot see the force of the statement, that because evil now exists, it may always exist under the divine rule. If evil were an end, and God could possibly rest in it as one of the results of his government, this statement would have strength. But no such revelation is given us. "He will rest in his love." (Zeph. iii. 17.) This is what the Scriptures affirm of him. Almighty Love! What is there in moral evil—in sin, that can baffle its power? It folds the universe in its embrace; finds no competitor able to circumvent its intentions; fears no foreign interference; but worketh all things after the council of its own will.

Christ is the representative of the Father's love. He was sent by the Father, and had the Father's interest in humanity—in all souls. He can never have less interest in them than he had when he laboured, wrought, prayed, suffered, and died for them here. He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." He can never rest but in the fulfilment of his desires in reference to every human object of his love. "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied." (Isa. liii. 11.)

Angels and all good spirits in the universe are interested in this conflict. It is eminently and gloriously theirs. And they are engaged to bring about the end it contemplates. They are God's ministers to those of less strength and life who need their heavenly aid. We cannot think of heaven but in sympathy with the needy, blinded, stricken, perishing ones of humanity. This is the meaning of these words of Jesus, "Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." (Luke xv. 7.) The Christian heaven never withholds its sympathy for all the wanting and woeful in the universe. Its joy will be complete when all souls know and love and serve God; and never until that good is accomplished. That old error in theology, that the saints in heaven will be indifferent through all eternity to the sufferings of the lost in hell, is an outrage on all that is human or divine. It will die out as humanity has healthful growth in "the glorious gospel of the blessed God."

And now, as to the final result of the conflict. This is explicitly declared in the Scriptures. Christ came "to be the Saviour of the world," in the full and complete meaning of this affirmation. His reign in our world shall one day be realised. Jewish and Christian prophecy alike affirm it. "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. The kingdoms of this world" are to "become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever." (Rev. xi. 15.)

So will Christ reign wherever his saving grace is needed by strayed or lost spirits. "For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell; and having made peace by the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself; by him, I say, whether they be things on earth or things in heaven.—Where, God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." (Col. i. 20; Phil. ii. 9.) The nature of this subjugation Paul clearly states in his First Epistle to the Corinthians. "For he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." The subjugation on the part of all other souls is in agreement with that of Christ the Head of humanity to the Father. "The Son shall be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all." (I. Cor. xv. 25, 26, 28.)

Will it be said that God will not force men into heaven who do not have the disposition to go there? Granted. But he intends that all men shall have the disposition—the will—to go there, just as the prodigal in the parable had the will to go to his father, after he had wasted his substance and came to himself. How does any man get into heaven here? or how does he at last

come to himself? Is the will with which he finally determines to obey the heavenly law, a will that he originates himself? Or, is it of God, who gave persecuting Saul the will to become a believer in Christ, and a chief of the Apostles in the building up of his kingdom? He thus acknowledges God's work with sinners: "You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." (Eph. ii. 1.) He who influences one can influence all. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of my power," is the olden word. Man is to take a part in his own salvation; is to work it out, as God works in him. This is the divine ordination. Man can have salvation in no other way. It would not be his salvation if he could. No, God will force none into heaven against their will. Jesus said that if he were lifted up from the earth, he would draw all men unto him. (John xii. 32.)

But let us understand that the final salvation of no soul is left to itself alone. It is not what poor man may or may not conclude to make of himself. The question of all others is, What is God's purpose? With what will he be satisfied? Never with the final unreconciliation of any soul. His highest goodness is not to will for the creature only what he in his folly may will for himself. Here are God's will and pleasure and purpose all set forth with remarkable clearness by the Apostle: "Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure, which he hath purposed in himself: that in the dispensation of the fulness of times, he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth, even in him." (Eph. i. 9, 10.) What is his will, pleasure, and purpose, is sure of accomplishment. He "will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth." (1 Tim. ii. 4.)

Let us know, also, that this conflict is a personal experience. All souls must enter upon it, and know something of its reality; all have more or less of this strife with evil. And for our encouragement through it all, we have the great fact that there has been human triumph without human failure. "The man Christ Jesus" has put temptation, sin, death, hell, under his feet. He is our brother and helper. We may be made mighty in him, in whom we see never defeat but victory.

And, furthermore, this view of the conflict is most hopeful and cheering to every true philanthropist and reformer, who would labour for the moral improvement, the spiritual exaltation of humanity. Every blow struck for the truth, every effort made for the promotion and reign of righteousness, is so much accomplished toward the grand result. The faithful warrior may die, but his cause never. He may fall in the midst of the conflict; but his assurance has been truthfully and gloriously sung:

"Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand thy standard wave,
Till from the trumpet-mouth is pealed,
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave!"

In this great conflict, then, there can be no doubt as to the final triumph. The strongest power will be victorious. It is said of the Duke of Wellington, that when in the thickest of that terrible strife at Waterloo, he threw himself into one of the unbroken squares of his infantry, saying to his officers, "Hard fighting, this, gentlemen; but we will see who can hold out the longest!" And the ability of that infantry to endure the longest on that day, settled the future of Europe for generations. Let us have as strong faith in the heavenly forces as this distinguished leader did in the earthly; in the ability of these forces to hold out the longest, and finally accomplish the victory of truth and righteousness with all nations and all souls. The forces of the Almighty will be the last in the field. "The battle is the Lord's."

J. G. A.

THE HAIRS OF YOUR HEAD.—Dr. Erasmus Wilson estimates that each square inch of the surface of the human head contains 744 hair follicles, and that as many of these give passage to two hairs, the number of the latter on a square inch may be put down at about 1066. The average superficial area of the head being about 120 square inches, each adult has about 133,920 hairs on his head.

GIVE AS YOU RECEIVE.

By Mrs. E. A. Heath.

"Where are you going?" said the stagnant pool to the little brook.

"Down to the river, to empty my cup," was the cheerful answer.

"But you went there only yesterday," continued the pool, by way of argument.

"Very true; but that was yesterday's work. I must do to-day's all the same."

"Over and over—every day the same?" and the pool tried to affect a contemptuous look, but its waters were too heavy.

"Over and over! Over and over?" was re-echoed.

"You're very foolish," shouted the pool, as the little brook chattered by. "Every one prophesies a warm summer, and you'll soon have no water to carry if you continue in this way," and with this advice the pool smoothed out its heavy waters, content to live in its sluggishness.

Still the little brook continued on its course, notwithstanding those discouraging words, sometimes filled to its brim, then with only water enough to cover the bottom of its little cup, ever content with the quantity given it by the fountain from which it was fed; as ready to do its work in the one way as the other—each day commencing with the amount of material the day was able to furnish, its silvery feet tripping over the mountain lightly, kissing the little pebbles it met in its course, giving of its measure to the thirsty little flower growing on its bank, and cooling the dry and parched earth by its gentle touch, thus blessing all in its journey, as it hurried on to add its mite to the brimming river, which, in its proper course, went to swell the waters of the broad, blue ocean. Each without murmur or complaints did the work God had appointed them.

The summer sun rode high, but the friendly trees drew near to its brink, throwing their protecting arms across its sparkling surface on either side, until their hands clasped in an united defence from the scorching heats and drying winds. The early rays peeped through their branches and whispered:—"Good morning, little brook! I wouldn't harm you. At noon-day, when I'm transformed into a ball of light, I shall be over yonder; but I'll meet you again to say good night, down by the river, when I'll lend you whole armfuls of gold to throw into its liquid waters.

'I've God's time to keep,
All over the world, and never can sleep.'"

Then the little birds rested their delicate plumage on its placid bosom, sipping whole songs of melody from its silvery bubbles to warble forth in the branches of the neighbouring trees.

The pool still remained idle, admonishing the little brook every time it passed to desist from its labour; but while in its giving and receiving it was made purer and sweeter, the pool by its grasping and retaining was making itself repulsive. The summer sun could not favour it because it made no effort for itself. The little birds could not visit it; they had been taught to use each moment aright, and it had nothing to give in exchange for their songs. The gentle breeze, speaking to each in its journey, through mistake stopped to kiss its upturned face, and was poisoned by the touch, carrying the malaria with it to spread pestilence throughout its course.

Give as you receive is the lesson of nature, the command of Scripture, and the example of the wise, the good, and the happy of all ages and climes.

REST.

The mind is best rested by diversion to a different subject of thought, or by muscular activities; the most complete rest is that which sleep gives; after great mental excitement sleep is almost impossible, but if there is diversion in muscular occupation for awhile, refreshing sleep will follow. Some persons, at the end of a public address, find themselves in such a state of mental excitement that they cannot rest, especially as the mind will continually run back on the performance, going round in a circle all the time. Such persons should go at once into lively company, or engage in active exercise or exciting work; if these are not practicable, the

perusal of a newspaper or book of short sentences or proverbs is a good substitute. If, from any cause, a man feels himself almost exhausted mentally or muscularly, a cup of hot black tea affords an instantaneous and most delightful relief.

THE YOUNG IMMORTALS.

Oh! happy are the young who die
In all the bloom of youth,
Whose feet have always trod the path
Of purity and truth,
Who never yet had learned to feel
Life's weariness and care,
But pass from earth before a shade
Had darkened all things fair.

And even death will sometimes come
To them so tenderly,
We scarcely think that they can feel
How hard it is to die.
And though their forms are all too fair
To lay away from sight,
Yet still more fitting do they seem
To rise as angels bright.

And when to us who mourn below
A vision oft is given
Of white-winged messengers, we paint
Them young and fair in heaven,—
We always think the aged there
And weary are at rest,
But yet the young and beautiful
We love to picture best.

We see them passing to and fro,
In robes of shining white,
Too fair for e'en a master's hand
To paint for human sight;
For there can be no mortal face
As fair as theirs we know,
Although they seemed so beautiful
When here they walked below.

And often when our feet are tired,
Or hearts are filled with care,
We love to think of those who died,
When they were young and fair,
Who lived on earth with scarce a sigh,
And passed without a stain;—
Then who would, if he might, recall
Their spirits back again?

We see them in the summer dawn,
Or in the evening glow,
Or yet in quiet hours of prayer
They fold their wings of snow—
These spirits of the young and fair,
And oft we dream they come
To guide the souls new-freed from earth,
Up to their heavenly home.

ONLY A PIN.

Only two or three days ago an overseer in a mill found a pin which cost the company £60.

"Was it stolen," asked Susie; "I suppose it must have been very handsome. What was it—a diamond pin?"

"Oh no, my dear! not by any means. It was just such a pin as people buy every day, and use without stint. Here is one upon my dress."

"Such a pin as *that* cost £60!" exclaimed John. "I don't believe it."

"But mamma says it is a *true* story," interposed Susie.

"Yes, I know it to be true. And this is how the pin happened to cost so much. You know the calicoes after they are printed and washed, are dried and smoothed by being passed over heated rollers. Well, by some mischance, a pin dropped so as to lie upon the principal roller, and indeed it became wedged into it, the head standing out a little from the surface.

"Over and over went the roller, and round and round went the cloth, winding at length upon another roller, until the piece was measured off. Then another piece began to be dried and wound; and so on till a hundred pieces had been counted off.

"These were not examined immediately, but removed from the machinery and laid aside. When at length they came to be inspected, it was found that there were holes in every piece.

"Of course the goods could not be classed as perfect goods, so they were sold as remnants, at less than half the price they would have brought had it not been for that hidden pin.

"Now, it seems to me when a boy takes for his companion a profane swearer, a Sabbath-breaker, or a lad who is untruthful; and a little girl for her playmate one who is unkind or disobedient, or any way a wicked child, they are like the rollers which took to its bosom the pin. Without their being able to help it, often the evil influences cling to them, and leave their mark upon everybody with whom they come in contact. That pin damaged forty hundred yards of print, but bad company has ruined thousands of souls."

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

Take Care of Him.

A cry from the Indian Empire floats wildly across the seas,
Its wail has spread throughout our land of plenty and of ease;
And oh, it is not a common cry, it is not a cry for wealth,
Nor a cry for power and greatness, but a cry for food and health;
And it comes from brothers, and sisters, too, who differ but in birth—
'Tis a wail from poor humanity, who're starving in a dearth.

We know little of drought and famine, compared with Eastern lands;
We know as little of tropical heat, of wide and burning sands;
To us it is hard to understand why their heavens refuse them rain,
Till their land becomes but a desert drear, and their sowers sow in vain—
It is hard to comprehend it all, in this rainy land of ours,
In this island of paradise, compared to the lands where dearth devours.

But suffering, trouble, and trial we know is part of our training here;
'Tis a test to our patience, faith, and which to our Father draws us near;
And oh, 'tis a test to our characters, too, to our care for others around,
A trial to our disposition to share in the grief to which others are bound,
And this panic-stricken India, with its starving millions, and all,
But calls to mind the parable which from Christ's lips did fall:

The parable of the certain man among the thieves who fell,
But represents humanity, no matter where they dwell;
And its application is so wide, its meaning is so broad,
It applies to the sinner, the dying in war, and the sick in a hospital ward;
It applies to a brother in distress, no matter the time or where,
And it urges a Christian on to bless, by taking up a share.

To the man who fell among the thieves, as well as the passers by,
'Twas a test of genuine Godliness—'twas a trial we can't deny:
An afflicted brother laid in their way, in need of a friendly hand,
Wounded and naked, and robbed of his all by a villanous highway band;
'Twas a capital chance for a Godly man to have shown his holy zeal—
To have testified that Godliness is something very real.

A priest and a Levite passed that way, from the Temple of God, no doubt—
Just having returned from their services where they were reckoned to be devout—
Sure none could be more expected to show a holy and righteous regard;
They look on the sufferer, pass him by, with hearts unfeelingly hard,
As if their religion had nothing to do with sympathy for the distressed;
As though it were only in spiritual things their services could be blessed.

Now, the law of God they held so fast was directly opposed to this,
And their knowledge could make no lawful excuse for being so remiss;
Which law commanded all to help a brother's ox or ass—
Although it were on the Sabbath day, they dare not venture to pass;
But here was a brother, not his ox or ass, in need of their aid,
And these holy men passed on, without the law they taught obeyed.

So the spirit of living men is shown in the picture which Jesus drew,
That among the seemly good on earth, the pure in heart are few;
That 'tis not the holy mien and name, but the honest, loving heart
Which sheds abroad its charity, and acts a brother's part;
This characterised conduct of men is what is often seen
In the heartless, cruel selfishness towards which too many lean.

A certain Samaritan came that way, of quite another creed,
Who shared the hatred of the Jews, and was despised indeed;
He might have made a large excuse, had he a mind to choose,
For lo! the sufferer at his feet was one of the cruel Jews;
But no, the need o'ercame his wrongs—he bid his beast to stand,
And to the dying one stooped down, and raised him with his hand.

He might have hurried off, and sent some others to his aid,
Or spread the news among the Jews, and told them where he laid—
And surely this would have been great for such an one as he—
But no, his noble soul was far too full of charity;
He bound his wounds, and saved his life—was doctor too, and nurse,
And took him up upon his beast, and helped him from his purse.

This righteous man was not content with giving oil and wine—
His charity outstepped his creed, and knew no custom-line;
He took him to the nearest inn, and 'ere he left him there,
He bade the host "Take care of him," and charge him with the fare;
"And whatsoe'er thou spendest more, to-morrow I will pay"—
Thus left him well provided for, and went upon his way.

Thus the spirit of true religion is shown on a purely Christlike plan,
In the love of foes, as well as friends—in the love of every man,
Who, although he be Indian, still he's a son of the one good God above,
And claims our sympathy as well as the nearest friend we love;
He's a brother no less for his tawny skin and peculiar mode of thought,
And now is the time to show our love, in this awful time of drought.

The spirit of Christ, and His Gospel, too, was benevolence to all around,
And the trumpet of Christian charity is the best to spread its sound,
For the distant nations of the earth have sympathies to reach,
And love will cast the barrier down, where fire and sword won't teach;
Don't let the Indian die for lack of sympathetic friends,
But send him aid, and gain his trust, on which so much depends.

Don't claim to have the love of God indwelling in the heart,
And pass a suffering brother by without your bearing part;
Whoe'er hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother stand in need,
And shutteth up his sympathy, is far from heaven indeed;
For blessed are the merciful who soothe a brother's pain,
For when the day of reckoning comes, they mercy shall obtain.

JAMES SHEPHERD.

Chelmsford.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A HAPPY PAIR.—The woman who never watched her neighbours, is said to be a cousin to the woman who did not know how many dresses her sister-in-law had.

TWO WAYS.—There are two ways of going through the world. One is to make the best of it, and the other to make the worst of it. Those who take the latter course work hard for poor pay.

CIVIL WARFARE.—Among the many peculiarities of one who is now dead, was the manner of his public prayer. During the French and German war he was greatly exercised. He led in prayer in one of the churches, and used these words: "O, Lord, how long? how long? Bring this war to a speedy close. O, Lord, they go on killing women and children and burning villages; and they call this civil warfare. O, Lord did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous?"

TEN GOOD FRIENDS.—"I wish that I had some good friends to help me on in life!" cried idle Dennis, with a yawn. "Good friends! why, you have ten!" replied his master. "I'm sure I haven't half so many, and those I have are too poor to help me." "Count your fingers, my boy," said his master. Dennis looked at his large strong hands. "Count thumb and all," added the master. "I have: there are ten," said the lad. "Then never say you have not got ten good friends, able to help you on in life. Try what those true friends can do before you begin grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others."

"SPEECH IS SILVER, BUT SILENCE IS GOLDEN."—A correspondent writes:—"Monday week was the anniversary of the opening of a Primitive Methodist chapel at a village not many miles from Ollerton. After the usual tea drinking, which was held in the lodge-room of the village inn, the members and company adjourned to the chapel to hear addresses from several ministers present. Some of them having spoken, a district minister was delivering a rather lengthy oration, when a 'wit,' who has only recently been converted, and who happened to be there with his wife, stood up, and addressing the speaker, said, 'If yo'll gie o'er torking I'll gie yo hafe a sovrin, as we are tired an' wants to go hoame." The minister was somewhat astonished at such an interruption, but did not resist the power of gold, abruptly ended his address, received the coin, pronounced the benediction, and the meeting terminated, all being highly amused at such unusual proceedings.

COST OF ROYALTY.—Including the revenues drawn by the Queen and the Prince of Wales from the Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall, our own Royal family annually costs this country between £650,000 to £700,000. But this is small compared with some other sovereigns. The Czar of Russia expends about five millions sterling on the maintenance of his own Imperial state and dignity; the German Emperor about three and a-half millions; and the Emperor of Austria close upon a million. The cost of the thirty-six reigning sovereigns in Christendom is estimated at twelve millions of money.

OLD MAIDS.—A keen observer of human nature, in expressing his opinion on old maids, says he is inclined to believe that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person? "she will certainly die an old maid." Is she frugal in her expenses, and exact in her domestic concerns? "she is cut out for an old maid." If she is kind and humane to the animals about, nothing can save her from the appellation of an "old maid." In short, it seems as though neatness, modesty, economy and humanity were the never-failing characteristics of an "old maid."

UNACCOUNTABLE TASTES.—A letter from Vienna in *Galignani* says:—"Mdlle. Lucca is adored by the Viennese, and they would admire her more if she liked beer, but it appears that she detests that liquor so thoroughly that the very sight of it affects her nerves. It is stated that Madame Nilsson has the same repugnance to coffee, and a cup of Mocha will put her to flight. As regards Patti, a plate of strawberries will give her a nervous attack. When she was invited, during the winter by the Princess Metternich, who had ordered some strawberries from Nice expressly for her, Patti resolved to make an heroic effort, but she had scarcely put the fruit to her mouth than she was taken ill, and almost lost consciousness."

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